COOL SUMMER DESTINATIONS

arizonahighways.com AUGUST 2003

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

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Hike a Shady Forest Trail
PRESCOTT

GRAND CANYON
Drive an Easy North Rim Scenic Route

PLUS 6 mystical mountains

Baldy
Matthews
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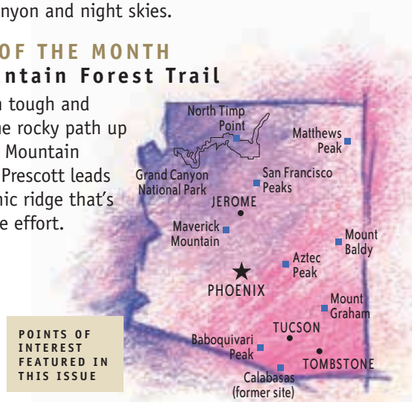
ARIZONA HIGHWAYS
AUGUST 2003



POINTS OF INTEREST FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE

[THIS PAGE] Late afternoon light colors the Ajo Range at Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument in southern Arizona. GEORGE H.H. HUEY
[FRONT COVER] A shaft of sunlight breaks through the shadows of the San Francisco Peaks' Inner Basin to fire the crest of a dense stand of golden aspens. See story, page 18. LARRY ULRICH
[BACK COVER] Paloverde and mesquite trees, saguaro cacti, brittlebushes and buckhorn chollas contribute to a profusion of desert plant life in Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument's Grass Canyon. GEORGE H.H. HUEY

letters and e-mail

Unnoticed Rock Climbers

The photo on the inside back cover ("Hike of the Month," March '03) shows a stunted pine on top of a freestanding sandstone block below Sterling Pass in Oak Creek Canyon. I also see two rock climbers at the top of the page. Am I right?

TOM FAIRES, Scottsdale

Did you realize the climbers were up there?

CHERYL PLANTZ, Woodland Hills, CA

The caption says nothing about mountain climbers.

JOE BOLTON, Grand Cane, LA

There are two rock climbers, and we did not notice them, so there is no mention of them in the caption. Not only does the poor old editor need better glasses, but the whole staff does as well.

Butterfly Myths

I was delighted to have an opportunity to read "Butterfly Silent, Butterfly Beautiful" and "From Maiden to Butterfly, in Search of Love," (March '03) to my 5-year-old granddaughter. She loved them both, so I had to read them again. Thank you for including these wonderful Indian myths in your beautiful magazine.

HERB NACHMAN, Townsend, TN

Spring Baseball

Your magazine has done so much for me, showing and introducing the sights and beauty of this great state. I am a Michigan transplant, and when I opened the March 2003 issue and saw that you WASTED 10 pages to show baseball, it really ticked me off. Don't we get enough of the "sports" (i.e., business) on TV, cable and in the paper? I am so ticked, I am considering canceling.

JOHN HUDAK, Fountain Hills

My March issue arrived, and as usual I couldn't put it down until I came to page 22, "Play Ball!" I feel cheated that *Arizona Highways* would devote 10 pages to baseball. If I wanted sports, I would subscribe to *Sports Illustrated*. The other articles were all wonderful.

MAE DUGGIN, Skull Valley

Your March 2003 issue is a real dud. Instead of your state's beautiful flowers in your portfolio, you have baseball. What a letdown. Get with it.

LINDA M. THOMAS, Minneapolis, MN

As a new subscriber to *Arizona Highways*, I eagerly awaited the March issue, beautiful pictures and interesting articles about your fascinating state. What did I get? Ten pages of baseball! What a disappointment. Shame on you. I know you can do better than that.

EILEEN NAZAR, San Luis Obispo, CA

The last time we wrote a story about spring training baseball was in 1992. Judging by the reaction, it may be more than 10 years before we do the next one, if ever.

Baseball in Surprise

I have had a second home in Arizona since the early 1970s and eagerly await spring-training games. After scanning the March 2003 cover of *Arizona Highways*, my eye first caught the words, "Spring Baseball's Back." As usual, the article was very interesting on the 10 major league teams training in the Grand Canyon State.

I know they are the "new kids on the block," but I'm disappointed you didn't mention my Kansas City Royals (and Mike Sweeney) and the Texas Rangers in their fine new training facility in Surprise.

MAURICE WALKER, Overland Park, KS

I was shocked and disappointed to see that you completely ignored the magnificent new Surprise Recreation Campus as well as the Kansas City Royals and Texas Rangers who make it their spring training home. Not a single word. Shame.

DICK WELSH, Surprise

The baseball story was based on games played in 2002, a year before the Surprise park opened.

Humor Section

I can keep quiet no longer. The "Humor" section of your magazine has long been suffering. The stories that are printed are horrible, and actually paying money to the people submitting them is criminal! The March 2003 page was particularly rotten. You should consider just leaving the "Humor" section out of your magazine and using the page for more great stories and photos.

JAMEY ADAMS, Oro Valley

Great Gift

I nearly drove myself crazy trying to think of a gift for a special friend. So I looked through all of my most recent issues of your wonderful magazine. Then it dawned on me: share Arizona with my friend. Thanks for the beauty you send out to us each month.

CAROLYN STOBER, Tombstone

The poor old editor is proud to say that about 100,000 of our subscribers also send gift subscriptions to their friends.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

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taking the off-ramp

Arizona oddities, attractions and pleasures

The Kolbs' Canyon

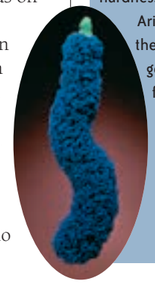
Emery and Ellsworth Kolb's Grand Canyon photographs in the August 1914 *National Geographic* were among its earliest published Canyon pictures. They hauled water for 7 miles to develop their photographs in an abandoned mine shaft. For almost a century, their 23-room studio has clung to the South Rim. The studio, five stories high, is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Shortly after arriving at the Grand Canyon in the early 1900s, Ellsworth was joined by his younger brother Emery. In their first studio, a cave with a blanket over the entrance, they processed pictures of people astride the Grand Canyon mules as they maneuvered their way along the Bright Angel Trail.

In 1912, the brothers became the first to use a movie camera to document riding the rapids on the Colorado River. Emery presented their river movie in the studio's small auditorium from 1915 until his death in 1976 at the age of 95.

Today the Grand Canyon National Parks Foundation operates a bookstore in the Kolb Studio, and all gallery proceeds go directly to studio restoration costs.

Mineral-rich Arizona



JEFFREY A. SCOVIL

Everyone knows that Arizona leads the country in copper production, but few realize that the state also leads the nation in molybdenum output. This unusual mineral looks similar to graphite, but is a bluer grey. When used as an alloy, it gives steel its hardness and durability.

Arizona also ranks second in the nation in production of gemstones; third in perlite; fourth in construction sand and gravel, silver and zeolites; fifth in pumice; and sixth in iron oxide pigments.

Gemstones are created from blue azurite and green malachite. LES AND PAULA PRESMYK COLLECTION

Effie's Gardens

JOE SORREN

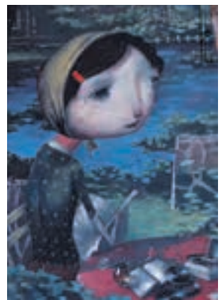
In a corner of Heritage Square in downtown Flagstaff lies a very magical place. There, in a lush lakeside wood of vibrant acrylic color, curious creatures with large eyes and round faces peer from silent breakfast tables. They dip coffeepots into serene pools and glance through worn pages of Kerouac and the Sunday paper. It is *The Veridic Gardens of Effie Leroux*, Flagstaff artist Joe Sorren's latest mural. The surreal spectacle fills a 15-by-45-foot curving wall at the backside of Heritage Square between Aspen and Birch streets. On a summer afternoon, the mural's characters blend seamlessly with the lunch crowd on the cafe's patio.

Sorren, whose paintings have been featured in *The New Yorker* and *Time* magazine, didn't know what would emerge when he first put paintbrush to wall in the summer of 1999. For 17 months he arrived at daybreak and painted in accordance with the shifting light, often for 10 hours straight.

"I wanted a story that would play out through multiple viewings," he says.

Details give the painting life. Close observation reveals everything from an homage to Picasso's *Guernica* to the likeness of a small bird that had the misfortune of flying headfirst into the work-in-progress. Sorren is not about to give away all of the mural's secrets—there has to be something left to the viewer's imagination. Prints of Sorren's work can be found at the Black Hound Gallerie or at Sorren's studio in Flagstaff.

Information: (928) 214-9980; www.joesorren.com.



THIS MONTH IN ARIZONA

1860 U.S. census reports Arizona's **population as 6,482**.

1867 Fort Crittenden, between the Sonoita and Patagonia settlements, is **established by the U.S. Army to protect settlers from the Indians**.

1870 **Ten settlers near Tucson are killed** by Indians **in 11 days**.

1873 The Law and Order Society of Tucson **lynches four murderers** from gallows in Court Plaza on Pennington Street.

1877 John Dunn, a government scout, **finds the first copper ore** in the Bisbee area.

Billy the Kid kills blacksmith **Frank Cahill** at Fort Grant.

1904 A **downpour** deposits 2 inches of rain into the streets of Globe in less than one hour. **Six citizens drown, 20 businesses are destroyed** and numerous railway **bridges wash away**.

HOLLYWOOD COWBOY

Cinematic Cowboy

"It was the days when the good guys always won," says Michael Klein, owner of Hollywood Cowboy, a Cave Creek gallery of vintage Western movie poster art. A New York native, Klein relocated to Arizona and has been buying and selling Western movie posters for 26 years. Now a self-professed cowboy (he writes cowboy poetry and cowboy songs), his obsession with the West originated with cowboy movies.

In earlier days, big movie studios lavished a fortune on poster campaigns. Striking graphics and bold copy lured ticket buyers in theater lobbies and on billboards during the golden age of the silver screen.

Information: (480) 949-5646

Shop Talk

Saloons were the most socially active establishments in 19th-century Arizona. Barbershops took second place, where the proprietor played host, made his customer comfortable and spiced a shave and haircut with local news or gossip. While cleaning up the local gentry, a barber created a much-needed sense of community in the Territory's dusty towns.

LINDA LONGMIRE

CD Road Trip

"One's destination is never a place but rather a new way of looking at things," claimed author Henry Miller. Tour Guide USA takes this approach to travel in its recently released "Driving Audio Adventures" series. The first tour offered takes road trippers from the Valley of the Sun past Sedona and Flagstaff to the Grand Canyon, then loops back through Prescott and Wickenburg to west Phoenix. The compact disc chronicles the history, culture, geology, plants and wildlife in 14 narrated segments. Stops along the way include Jerome, Arcosanti, Sunset Crater and U.S. Route 66. So pull out the map, slip in the CD and enjoy the journey.

Information: (480) 446-8500 or www.TourGuideUSA.com.

LINDA LONGMIRE

A 6-Mile Book Made of Tiles

You'll never be at a loss for words when visiting Tempe Town Lake east of Phoenix. Six hundred granite tiles line the perimeter of the water, creating a "book" 6 miles long. Artists Karla Elling and Harry Reese and poet Alberto Rios worked together to convey the past, present and future of the lake through words and images carved in 8-pound granite tiles.

It takes 2 tons of granite to tell the story, and each tile reads like its own story, such as: "In the desert/ water/was the animal/ hunters tracked first." Rios combined metaphor and humor to achieve what he calls a "finger snap" or immediate insight. The style utilizes the gregueria literary form created by Spanish writer Ramon Gomez de la Serna in 1911.

"Fish/in the water/are the river's/ thoughts," reads another tile by Rios.

Fossils, fish, frogs, birds, lightning scenes, leaf patterns and additional images fill other tiles conveying symbolic messages. The whole collection is based on memories and stories representing a sense of history as well as community unique to Tempe's man-made lake.

KEVIN KIBSEY

Wish Upon a Star at Verde Canyon

Starry-eyed romantics, amateur astronomers and wildlife watchers seeking summer skies find the answer to their dreams on starlight train rides conducted by the Verde Canyon Railroad. Passengers get to see the Verde Canyon, its nocturnal wildlife and a spectacular star show every Saturday night from May through August.

The Verde Canyon Railroad's 38 miles of track, built in 1912 at the cost of $1.3 million, were originally built to support the mining industries of Clarkdale and Jerome. Today, the railway runs as a tourist train, taking sightseers on an exclusive excursion along the rambling Verde River.

The starlight trips provide a perfect opportunity to see nocturnal wildlife emerge in this productive cottonwood-willow riparian habitat. As the sun sets, the purple, gray and pink tones that dress the canyon walls deepen into a wild cloak of violet, blue and red. Unhindered by city lights, stargazers might be able to pick out glittering constellations against the night sky. With the sunset, moon and stars, the trip makes a perfect way to spend a celestial summer night.

Information: toll-free (800) 293-7245 or www.verdecanyonrr.com.

SCOTTSDALE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

SMoCA'S Magnetic Appeal

It all started with a rogue magnet, a nondescript business magnet barely bigger than a half dollar stuck just above head height on the metal north wall of the Scottsdale Museum of Contemporary Art (SMoCA). When Ted Decker, associate director of development at SMoCA, reached up to grab the magnet — *ping* — the light went on in his creative head. "I started thinking how famous museums sell magnets depicting works of art and other tchotchkes as reminders of peoples' visits," he recalls. "Here was this big wall waiting for attention."

Decker's idea gave birth to "SMoCA Magnet Mania" during May 2002. The museum invited people to bring magnets from refrigerators, desks and drawers, then stick them on SMoCA's wall. Participants could add one or take one.

First the staff put up their magnets. Then the media got wind of the event. Even the mayor appeared, wondering what was going on at the SMoCA building. Magnets — everything from pictures of kids to homemade ones — transformed the 400-square-foot wall into a mosaic.

At the end of May, the staff collected the magnets for students of the museum's Vision Kids educational program to incorporate into artwork to sell in the museum store. The money netted from the artwork is donated to the Phoenix Children's Hospital.

But the metal north facade didn't stay empty. The magnets came back. First a handful, which the maintenance crew scrupulously removed. Then more.

"It's become a site that's very much about rituals and personal exposure, especially at a time when we need it," says Decker. "This is the interactivity we like art to turn into."

EDWARD McCAIN

Man on a Star

His baskets tell stories. He weaves in the stories with the fibers of the yucca, the bear grass, the banana roots and the devil's claw. Raymaon Novelto started weaving baskets as a boy, following the ancient example of his people, the Tohono O'odham, and the living example of his grandmother, mother and aunt.

"I just watched and watched," he recalls.

Novelto excels in a field often and erroneously equated as the province of females. His trademarks include symbols of men, stars and turtles incorporated into his baskets. You can see his work at the San Xavier Plaza and the gift shop at Mission San Xavier del Bac, off Interstate 19, south of Tucson.

Information: (520) 294-2624.

LIFE IN ARIZONA 1900s

Big Birthday Bash

Theodore E. Litt began his career in 1888 as a 17-year-old pharmacy apprentice in Stratford, Ontario, Canada. Six years later he was delivering wagonloads of medicine from a pharmacy in Prescott to nearby mining camps.

Moving on to Tucson, he set up his own drugstore in 1908 and relocated it one year later to the busiest intersection in town, the corner of Stone Avenue and Congress Street, where he operated the business for the next 30 years. Litt sold sundry merchandise that no other drugstore carried. In 1952 he boasted that he was "the first drug man to combine the 5&10 business with pharmacy."

Litt celebrated his birthday every July 8 by hosting a kids' bicycle parade through downtown. He gave out prizes and treated all participants to a movie at the Fox Theater, just down the block. Nearly 1,500 children cycled or marched in the last birthday parade he held.

Litt died at age 81, having left fond memories for a generation of Tucson's children.

ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, TUCSON

[TOP AND ABOVE] For Theodore E. Litt, showing children a good time was good business.

Question of the Month

Q The secret of "**talkative tree rings**" was discovered by a scientist at which Arizona school?

A While working for the **University of Arizona in Tucson** during the early 1900s, A.E. Douglass discovered **dendrochronology**, or the dating of past environmental events such as climatic changes, through the **study of tree rings**.

LINDA LONGMIRE

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ANCIENT SEASHELL TRADERS OF THE DESERT

THEIR REMNANTS OFFER INTRIGUING CLUES ABOUT A LOST CULTURE

BY CRAIG CHILDS

In the dappled shade of paloverde trees, a shell lies abandoned on a sidewalk. I kneel and pick up the polished cowrie, turning it in my hand. The shell is cut so that it can be strung, something that would be found in a bead shop. Tucson vibrates around me with traffic and people teeming along the sidewalk, but for a moment all goes quiet as I examine this shiny ornament. Which ocean surrendered this shell so that I could find it here in the city? How many miles did it travel, through how many hands?

At the moment I am on my way to the Arizona State Museum to research artifacts from an older Arizona. I am interested in the Hohokam Indian culture, as well as the Salado, the Mogollon, the Puebloans — names given to the previous people who a thousand years ago built cities in the Southwest and scattered their belongings across the desert. There were wars here, elaborate canal systems for irrigating and complex trade networks that stretched to Guatemala. Before the many-colored peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa ever imagined this country, it was busy with citizens going about their lives.

This sidewalk shell reminds me that shells were a fundamental trade item for the ancient people. From a single excavation site in Phoenix, 7,500 shell artifacts were found, most dating back a thousand years or so. I remember coming across the remnants of a shell-trade route that once ran between Phoenix, Tucson and the desert western coast of Mexico. The route brought shells up to manufacturing sites where they were carved and encrusted with turquoise and argillite, then traded into the vast Hohokam settlements where Phoenix and Tucson now stand. I had walked legs of this shell route, finding along the way remnants of a lost civilization in the wilderness. I had found shells in this same manner, crouching on my way somewhere, lifting an artifact off the ground.

Walking in a country of sand dunes in northern Sonora, Mexico, I found in the middle of nowhere a shell that had been carried from the sea. Two of us had come with a month's worth of supplies, setting water caches into the far dunes of the Gran Desierto, an erotic and bitter landscape with nothing but sand for 2,000 square miles. Elegant dunes swept 300 feet into the sky, gushing around each other.

Backpacking through the baptismal heat of afternoon, we arrived at stony heads of mountains standing out from the dunes. Sand crashed against every side of these mountains so that only a few of

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGE 6] Shifting, wind-shaped sands bathed by sunset's soft light hold secrets of an ancient shell-trading route that extended through Arizona from the Sea of Cortes in Mexico. GEORGE H.H. HUEY
[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGE 7] Decorated shells, like this one etched with fermented saguaro juice, were traded to Hohokam Indian settlements in Arizona. JERRY JACKA
[FAR LEFT] Carrying their shells to northern markets, traders passed through forests of giant candelabralike cardon cacti. GEORGE STOCKING
[LEFT] Indian artisans created mosaics of turquoise and hematite stones on shell pendants. JERRY JACKA

their summits stuck out. There was a bit of wind shelter, a little shade. Sand poured like paint through wind-hounded notches in the rock. It was there, crouched and resting, that I reached down and picked up a shell. I turned it in my hand, feeling its sandblasted polish. Someone had brought it here.

For thousands of years, shells from the nearby Sea of Cortes had been traded into North America. Carried across these dunes, they had gone as far as Oklahoma. Most of them ended up in Arizona. They were elaborately carved, jeweled with precious stones, then turned into trumpets and pendants.

With that shell in my hand, I envisioned the movement of trade goods across the countryside — corn and shell beads and copper bells taken to the edges of the known world, bartered in the loud bustle of markets. Shells were probably treated like diamonds — objects of desire that were gathered, manufactured elsewhere into ornaments and then sold in far-reaching plazas. They reveal in this ancient civilization a complicated network of distribution centers, manufacturing sites and trade markets across the desert.

Objects like the shell from the sand dunes fueled ancient economies, as gift items, passed down as family heirlooms or perhaps worn to mark the lineage of dynasties.

I sat for a long time rubbing this dune-lost shell, looking across the sandscape in front of me. On occasion a black beetle would come steaming through on a mission. Even more rarely, two beetles would bump into each other and shamelessly wrestle across the sand. That was all. There was nothing else alive. Yet there had been people before me, shell traders walking through this wilderness.

Carrying in my pocket the polished cowrie shell, which probably originated in the Philippines or the Ivory Coast of Africa, I walk down a hallway in one of the annex buildings of the Arizona State Museum. Artifacts rest around me, a Hohokam red-on-buff jar and a platter of Clovis points 10,000 years old.

The assistant curator of archaeology leads the way, unlocking a door and showing me inside. He strikes a switch and we both stand in the dim of 1930s lights hung from the ceiling. The room is large and filled with shelves, the shelves burdened with old pottery, selections from Zuni and Hopi pueblos.

I am here to examine artifacts from a Salado ruin near the Mogollon Rim, but instead ask if I could first see some of the shell collection. The cowrie has me thinking about shell trade, and I want to see where these shells have now come to rest.

When he opens the doors to a cabinet, I see blades of Mayan jade and the silver grips of Spanish pistols. He pulls a drawer and the shells come into the light like small, dark animals. Some are jeweled with turquoise, some hollowed into rings of bracelets. Most are carved to look like spadefoot toads, creatures of the Sonoran Desert, characteristic spines raised along their backs. Strings of shell

beads lie coiled like snakes beside animal figures carved out of abalone. I recognize many of the shells immediately, species carried across those dunes long ago from the Sea of Cortes.

One theory asserts that dune traders living in the lower Sonoran Desert brought goods to the Hohokam population centers in Tucson and Phoenix. In trade, they were able to purchase corn, cotton and beans — the sorts of things that would be scarce in dry areas farther south. In fact, evidence indicates that most shell manufacturing was done in these desert sites far away from the irrigated urban cores of the time.

Worked shells moved on to the rest of the Southwest, and some even slipped through to the Great Plains. Shells that were intricately decorated in turquoise passed farther, and were kept by the mound builders living along the Mississippi River, the same way we might now appreciate an exotic bell from Tibet, or even my faraway cowrie.

Of course, shell trade changed over time. Ornaments began to be made in the Phoenix and Tucson areas instead of in the distant deserts. Pueblos were built atop tall, walled mounds, becoming factories of shell items that traded less and less with surrounding areas.

I pluck one of the frog shells from the drawer and roll it between my fingers, imagining how many hands it had touched. Was it a wedding gift, a burial offering for a child, a familiar charm kept near the bed like a favorite book? I place the object back into the drawer,

(Text continued on page 15)

[LEFT] Centuries-old sand dollars were once hard-skinned animals, called echinoderms, living on the sea floor. JACK DYKINGA
[ABOVE] A low tide along the Sea of Cortes reveals a profusion of shells washed up on sandy beaches by the currents. STEVE GILB
[RIGHT] Earrings were made from carved shells overlaid with turquoise and hematite. JERRY JACKA

(Continued from page 11)
coming to no conclusion, not wanting to invade the privacy of those who once held this.

At the edge of the dunes farthest from the sea, my partner and I came to a clearing where a patch of hard desert floor had been revealed. Across it we found an ancient camp surrounded by high wings of dunes. Globes of ceramic vessels lay broken, their broad, curved pieces gathering sunlight. We walked beside tools of basalt worn smooth, grinding stones left where they were last used. Immediately we could see how this remote settlement was organized, small groups of campfires, pottery and shells set into private outposts. This is where the shell traders had slept. I knelt beside one of the fire marks and saw their last meal, the teeth and jawbones of four badgers, and the charred dish of a desert tortoise's shell.

The dunes had preserved this site for hundreds of years. Sand had moved in, sealing each artifact in place, holding it until now. The dunes are migrating, rubbing against one another as the wind pushes them, and here and there, at the far margins of the dune sea, the ground is revealed. Artifacts come briefly to the light. Soon they will again be buried.

I imagined this encampment during the height of the shell trade, night fires scattered in the distance, laughter and the rasp of grinding stones breaking down meal for morning. I heard the clatter of shells as traders sorted through their goods, tossing out the small ones that would not be carried all the way to Phoenix.

As I walked I saw these unwanted shells, the small ones cast away, and some larger ones with imperfections and cracks. I looked around, seeing that the tide of dunes was coming again. Waves of sand lifted everywhere, promising to crash down onto these camps and again seal their artifacts.

Still carrying the sidewalk cowrie shell in my pocket, I travel to Phoenix seeking two archaeologists who once studied the Sea of Cortes shoreline nearest the dunes. They had walked the beaches and terraces taking an inventory of ancient camps. Sitting in an office, maps spread over the floor and across a desk, they tell me that they found very few signs of long-term habitation along the Mexican coast near the dunes. They saw only brief camps where people had come, gathered shells, made a few fires and turned around with their loads.

When I tell them of the broken pottery and shell scatters I found at the clearing in the dunes, they perk. We begin tracing our fingers back and forth across the map, and I tell them where in a nearby mountain range I had found water holes, while they tell me where along the coast they had found the most campfires. I explain the easiest courses through the dunes to the sea. They answer me with discoveries they had made by digging trenches in the ground. Soon we have a web of routes defined across the desert, all three of us close around the map, excitedly comparing notes.

These shell traders had gathered water in the far mountains, set base camps along the dune margins and made quick forays to the sea where they gathered shells and crossed back over the dunes, returning to their camps. We are two kinds of archaeologists pleased in the sharing of information. They accumulate data about specific sites and publish papers on the matter. I walk across the land and take note of what I encounter. Between us, we can see more clearly these ancient people crossing the desert with their loads.

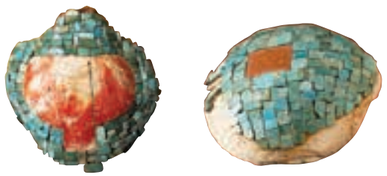
When I leave their offices, I go straight to a bead store a few blocks away. I walk in asking if there are any shell beads, and I am directed to a table of small boxes of shells. I fish into my pocket and pull out this smooth cowrie, matching it up to a cache of cowries selling for 25 cents each.

Trade to the great desert cities is far from over, I think. In all of these hundreds and thousands of years, in the rising and falling of civilizations, we have hardly changed. There are still merchants displaying exotic wares. Shells continue to move so frequently that they can be found abandoned in the far dunes or lost on a city sidewalk.

I am reminded that if I want to know about archaeology, all I need to do is look at myself to see how I travel the land, where I pause to sleep, what kinds of artifacts I carry. I buy a couple of shells from the store and go along my way. AH

Author and National Public Radio commentator Craig Childs lives in western Colorado. His recent books include Soul of Nowhere *published by Sasquatch Books and* The Desert Cries *published by Arizona Highways Books.*

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 12 and 13] Surrounded by salt flats near the Sea of Cortes, a cottonwood tree takes nourishment from a fresh-water spring that may have been a crucial oasis for shell traders.
[LEFT] Ocean waves lap against the Sonoran Desert at the coastline along the Sea of Cortes.
[ABOVE] Senita cacti guard potsherds and shell fragments marking the path of ancient footsteps on volcanic ash. ALL BY JACK DYKINGA
[RIGHT] The Arizona State Museum in Tucson houses a collection of unique shells once traded along the route through Arizona. JERRY JACKA



AN ELEGANT HOTEL

A DREAM UNFULFILLED

‘C. P.’ Sykes’ Grand Southern Arizona Venture Proved Overambitious for Its Time

by KATHLEEN WALKER

HE HAD THE KIND OF FACE that would have looked well engraved on a dollar bill or imprinted on an investment prospectus. He had that high brow of intelligence, the maturity of the full beard, the touch of humor around the mouth. Charles “C.P.” Sykes of Calabasas, Arizona Territory, looked like a man you might want to know and, boy, could he throw a party.

On October 5, 1882, C.P. Sykes officially opened the doors of his new Hotel Santa Rita in Calabasas, 50 miles south of Tucson and 10 miles north of the border with Mexico. He extended an invitation for Tucsonans to travel to Calabasas by train, an all-day adventure on rails as new as the hotel.

Tucson’s *Arizona Weekly Star* predicted, “This entertainment will excel anything of the kind ever experienced in Arizona.”

The host for the event had not been in the Territory very long. A resident of San Francisco, Sykes bought the Tumacacori y Calabazas land grant in 1877. The 50,000 acres south of Tucson had been part of the Spanish mission system established in the 1700s but had become privately owned under independent Mexico.

The ink on the sale to Sykes had barely dried before full-page advertisements about Calabasas, the English spelling of the Spanish word meaning “pumpkins” or “squash,” began appearing in the East. Appealing to investors, the ad in New York’s *The Daily Graphic*, October 18, 1878, showed the holdings of Sykes’ Calabasas Land and Mining Co. as including old missions, new mines and a two-story hotel, “as it will appear when completed.”

Born in New York in 1824, Sykes worked as a newspaper editor before his successful career as a miner and mine company developer in Colorado City, Colorado. Now he saw his future in southern Arizona. In addition to the potential of its mineral wealth, the rolling land of the Santa Cruz Valley could support vast herds of cattle. Even better, the most modern of transportation, the railroad, would soon serve the area. Calabasas would become a city, home to the businesses nec essary to keep trains rolling on the line connecting Arizona with Mexico. Calabasas would be the centerpiece of international commerce.

Sykes built a hotel to match the dream. The bedrooms had hot and cold running water. Gentlemen could enjoy billiards and smoking rooms. The expensive furnishings came from the East Coast, along with the women from Boston who served the dining room clientele.

However, by the time of the 1882 grand opening, the railroads had passed by Sykes and Calabasas, heading for the route to the south and the settlement that would become the border city of Nogales. Sykes had his luxurious hotel opening anyway.

The menu alone earned front-page attention. Diners started with a mock turtle and tomato soup, proceeded to leg of mutton in caper sauce, chicken in cream sauce, tongue and ham. Roasts of beef and pork and more chicken, followed by lobster and salmon salads. Game included wild turkey, wild pigeon and English snipes, with vegetables of sweet corn, tomatoes, potatoes mashed and fried. For dessert, the menu promised puddings and pies, ending with fruits, cheese and nuts. That anyone could walk after such a spread seems a miracle. But these folks didn’t walk. They danced into the night.

“It could not be equaled,” a reporter wrote in the *Arizona Weekly Star*. “A brilliant affair,” wrote the scribe for the *Arizona Daily Citizen*.

The train ride to Calabasas garnered columns of print. Partygoers began at dawn in Tucson; they headed east to Benson and then picked up the southwestern route to Calabasas.

The ladies wore bustles and bows, and the gentlemen sported their bowlers. The Tucson Brass Band rode along with them, reportedly playing and parading almost nonstop until the wee hours of the next morning.

While one reporter extolled the event as opening “an important era in Arizona progress,” another did mention, “The town has yet but a few permanent buildings.”

The guest ledger from the Hotel Santa Rita now rests at the Arizona Historical Society in Tucson. Richly bold signatures fill the opening pages. The entries for October 5, 1882, show the hotel to be so full that the 10 members of the well-used band ended their gig five to a room.

Subsequent pages carry the names of worldly travelers from cities of power like New York and Chicago. Then, the entries become fewer and fewer. By 1885, a single guest might spend the night. By 1887, days would pass with no guests at all. On December 13, 1893, the last guest signed in, followed by nothing but empty pages.

The simple lack of a home-based railroad hadn’t stopped Sykes. He had organized his own railroad in 1880, and another in 1885, both designed to serve Tucson, Phoenix and beyond. Neither ever materialized past the money-raising stage.

Sykes died in 1901 at the age of 77, possibly of a heart attack. His descendants left Calabasas in 1916, moving on to prominence on both sides of the border. The hotel advertised as “the finest between San Francisco and Denver” burned to the ground in 1927.

Today, the site of the town of Calabasas has been engulfed by a golf course. New homes dot the surrounding hills. International commercial traffic flows ceaselessly on nearby Interstate 19. To the west, the Rio Rico Resort Hotel reigns from a hilltop perch. C.P. Sykes had indeed seen the future. He just celebrated a hundred years too soon.

To see the area, drive south on Interstate 19 out of Tucson. Take the Rio Rico exit and turn east. At Pendleton Road, turn right for a short drive through the land where Sykes once dreamed. AH

Kathleen Walker of Tucson enjoys finding the places in Arizona where the past lingers so near the present.

ALL FROM ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY/TUCSON

[OPPOSITE PAGE] Speculating that the tiny border community of Calabasas would become Arizona’s commercial gateway to Mexico, developer Charles “C.P.” Sykes built the grand Hotel Santa Rita to accommodate the anticipated throngs of businessmen and adventurers.
[LEFT] Hotel guests brave the cold to be pictured with a rare southern Arizona snowfall.
[ABOVE] Jack C. Gale of Tucson, working from historical records and photographs, drew the exterior of the Hotel Santa Rita.

ARIZONA'S MOUNTAINS

BY GREGORY McNAMEE

AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE

STAND ALMOST ANYWHERE IN ARIZONA, from the streets of downtown Phoenix to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon to the U.S.-Mexico border, and lift your eyes to the horizon. Wherever you are, you're likely to see much the same sight: off in the distance, a shimmering, bluish line of mountains. They stretch from horizon to horizon, chain after chain of them, forming the borders between ecological and political regions. They fill the sky with imposing outlines, from the reddish buttes of the Peloncillo Mountains in the southeast to the snaggled Castle Dome range near Yuma, from the giant rise of the San Francisco Peaks above Flagstaff to the grassy Patagonia Mountains on the border with Mexico, from snowclad Escudilla Mountain flanking Apache country to the mellifluously named Music Mountains near Kingman.

Numbering in the scores, home to hundreds of plant and animal species, full of lore and history (and perhaps even treasure), those mountains define our state just as surely as do the Grand Canyon, the cactus wren and the saguaro.

Here are six of those great mountains, some accessible, some remote, all scenic — and each captivating in its own way.

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGE 19] The day's first light glints off the surface of Crescent Lake and illuminates the distant contours of Escudilla Mountain as seen from the summit of Mount Baldy in eastern Arizona's White Mountains.

[ABOVE] The White Mountains claim the world's largest contiguous forest of ponderosa pine trees, here seen crowding the aptly named summit of Baldy Peak, which is south of Mount Baldy. BOTH BY ROBERT G. McDONALD

MOUNT BALDY

THE EXTINCT volcano called Mount Baldy is the highest peak in the White Mountains of eastern Arizona, and second only to the San Francisco Peaks in the state overall.

From its most heavily traveled approaches, Baldy seems unimposing; it rises from an 8,000-foot plateau and climbs so gradually that, from some points of view, it seems scarcely more than a hill. Attain its higher elevations, though, and Baldy reveals its might, towering above the rugged country of the White Mountain Apache Reservation and offering plenty of challenges for the adventure-bent traveler.

Visitors to Mount Baldy, most of which lies in a federally designated wilderness area, enjoy two of the best-maintained and most scenic hiking trails in the state, which intersect at a saddle near the summit after climbing a series of short and steep switchbacks.

For most of their distance, these trails pass through thick groves of aspen, ponderosa and blue spruce trees, and through meadows that, in summertime, are covered with wildflowers such as columbines, monkeyflowers and penstemons.

Both trails follow small brooks and rivulets that form the headwaters of the Little Colorado River, perennial sources of water that attract a wide range of bird and mammal species — golden eagles, black bears and mountain lions among them. Coated in a deep layer of snow, those same trails draw legions of cross-country skiers and snowshoers in winter.

"Baldy" may seem too informal and even too common a name for this beautiful peak. Its Apache name, Dzil Ligai, "mountain of white rock," means much the same thing, though, and both terms commemorate the fact that the mountain's summit is a bare granite head that pokes well above the treeline, offering unobstructed vistas all around.

Baldy Peak, the southern summit, whose elevation of 11,403 feet is the one recorded on most maps, lies on the White Mountain Apache Reservation and is closed to non-Apaches. Though hikers will need to turn back at the marked boundary, they'll still obtain extraordinary views that take in the distant San Francisco Peaks and portions of the Colorado Plateau to the north and west and even the Santa Catalina Mountains just north of Tucson.

[ABOVE] Snowmelt energizes clear, cool mountain streams like the West Fork of the Little Colorado River in the Mount Baldy Wilderness. LARRY ULRICH
[RIGHT] A study in texture and form, the rough bark of Douglas fir trees complements the craggy surface of a cliff face along Mount Baldy's East Fork Trail.
ROBERT G. MCDONALD

SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS

MOUNTAINS FORM over unfathomably long periods of time. What were once ancient seafloors shed their waters, rise inch by inch, accumulate layers of sand and stone, warp and buckle with the movement of the Earth over millions of years. What were once ancient highlands, conversely, slowly weather away, ground down by the forces of wind and water and gravity, their stones washed away to line the floors of rivers and oceans, there to begin the mountain-building journey anew.

But if mountains take eons to rise, they can sometimes fall in the blink of an eye, at least geologically speaking. Forming a giant stratovolcano resembling Japan's Mount Fuji or Tanzania's Mount Kilimanjaro, the San Francisco Peaks of three million years ago loomed to a height of more than 16,000 feet, higher than all but a few North American mountains today.

That huge mountain erupted in a blast that tore the cone apart, loosing rivers of lava across the surrounding countryside. The explosion formed the great semicircular crater known as the Inner Basin, smoothed and shaped by later generations of glaciers, while the mountain continued to grumble and rumble for eons and to send out seismic spasms until as recently as 700 years ago.

The remaining mountain core, marked by three jagged summits instead of one, now stood half a mile lower than its ancestor, but it was still impressive by any standards, rising a mile above a surrounding high plateau that was itself nearly a mile and a half tall. At 12,633 feet in height, Humphreys Peak remains the highest point in Arizona, followed closely by its nearby sisters Agassiz Peak, 12,356 feet, and Fremont Peak, 11,969 feet, forming a rocky crown that is clearly visible from more than a hundred miles away.

The San Francisco Peaks, rising just north of Flagstaff, support more than 200 bird and mammal species, and they contain strikingly diverse assemblages of plants. Wind-gnarled groves of juniper and piñon pine give way to quavering stands of aspen and dense forests of ponderosa pine, spruce and fir trees, which in turn give way, ever higher, to the treeless tundra surrounding the summit. At the lower elevations, herds of elk graze, while far above them, great birds of prey ride the thermal winds that whip across the face of the tall peaks, providing evidence for the familiar observation that mountains make their own weather.

Challenging weather that can be, of course, but, as outdoor enthusiasts have learned through the years on the slopes of the San Franciscos, the rewards for braving it are many, whether a thrilling slalom ride down the 2-mile run of the Snowbowl ski area; a cross-country tour of the spectacular, often snowbound backcountry; or a leisurely climb or horseback ride up the 10-mile-long trail that grazes the edge of the Inner Basin before attaining the summit of Humphreys Peak.

Holy to 13 Indian tribes, the San Francisco Peaks are the westernmost of the sacred mountains bounding the traditional Navajo world, and, in Hopi belief, the home of the stormy spirits called kachinas, which usher in rain and ensure the survival of crops and people alike. The lightning that dances about the summits of those great mountains is affirmation of the kachinas' continued presence — and remarkable testimony to the power, majesty and beauty of the living Earth.

[LEFT] Autumn brings a dusting of snow to the San Francisco Peaks and brilliant fall color to the mountain's golden aspens. PAUL GILL

[ABOVE] A gentle mist reflects the warm tones of sunset in a ponderosa pine forest near Hart Prairie on the west side of the San Francisco Peaks. GEORGE STOCKING
[RIGHT] Sheltered high in the Peaks' Inner Basin, Lockett Meadow's aspens create a seasonal symphony of light and shadow. ROBERT G. McDONALD
[FOLLOWING PANEL, PAGES 28 AND 29] Aspens in full display reflect in a quiet pool in Lockett Meadow. TOM TILL

AZTEC PEAK

DOZENS of Arizona's mountains stand taller than 7,694-foot Aztec Peak, the highest point in the Sierra Ancha, a little-visited range that rises southeast of Payson. Many are more remote. But few combine Aztec Peak's essential ruggedness and difficult-access qualities that make it a premier destination for outdoor enthusiasts who don't mind a little tough slogging — or a four-wheel-drive ride alongside breathtakingly sheer cliffs — in order to make the top.

That difficulty of getting there and those fiercely eroded vertical walls surely must have made the Sierra Ancha attractive to the ancient Salado people. Protected from enemies in the mazelike box canyons of the range, nourished by an abundance of wildlife and flowing water, Salado clans built cliff dwellings throughout the mountains. The road to Aztec Peak is lined with examples of their thousand-year-old architecture, while the country itself is little changed from their time.

As that hairpin road rises through groves of juniper, manzanita, mountain mahogany, oak and ponderosa pine trees, it eventually opens onto a view that embraces not only some spectacularly forbidding local scenery, including the appropriately named Devils Canyon and Mystery Spring, but also the more distant peaks of the Mazatzal Mountains and, to the north, the Mogollon Rim.

This sweeping view entertained the poet laureate of the Sierra Ancha, the late novelist and essayist Edward Abbey, who worked on Aztec Peak as a Forest Service fire lookout for three summers in the late 1970s. Here, he exulted, "We watched the clouds and the weather. We watched the sun go down behind Four Peaks and the Superstition Mountains, that sundown legend retold and recurring every evening, day after day after day. We saw the planet Venus bright as radium floating close to the shoulder of the new moon. We watched the stars, and meteor showers, and the snaky ripple of cloud-to-cloud lightning coursing across the sky at night. We watched the birds."

Today a well-marked — but not always well-maintained — series of foot trails honeycombs the Sierra Ancha Wilderness and connects its principal peaks. One of those trails, happily named Abbey's Way by his fellow Forest Service workers, yields magnificent vistas that embrace planets, birds, lightning and file after file of mountains. Rugged, austere and sometimes exasperating, it's a wholly fitting tribute.

[ABOVE] This view east from the summit of Aztec Peak in the Sierra Ancha range reveals portions of the Salt River basin and the distant ranges of the White Mountain Apache Reservation.
GEORGE STOCKING

[LEFT] Workman Creek Falls' six-story plunge over a basalt escarpment graces an autumn scene of bigtooth maple trees changing color in the Sierra Ancha Wilderness.
[ABOVE] The last rays of sunset outline prickly pear cacti and a lichen-covered boulder at the edge of Parker Canyon in the Sierra Ancha range.
BOTH BY GEORGE STOCKING

BABOQUIVARI PEAK

WAW GIWULK 'O AN K:EK
WAW GIWULK 'O AN K:EK

"Baboquivari stands there, Baboquivari stands there," a Tohono O'odham song proclaims, honoring the tall dome of metamorphosed granite that rises nearly perpendicularly from the desert floor southwest of Tucson. The peak stands like a beacon to guide travelers through the saguaro forests and grasslands of what Europeans once called the Pimeria Alta, and what its original peoples called "the stony ground."

Baboquivari Peak, whose name means something like "mountain that is skinny in the middle," is the center of the Tohono O'odham world. According to traditional belief, the great mountain is the home of I'itoi, Elder Brother, the shaman deity "who knows everything" and who taught the desert people how to survive in their austere homeland. The famed Man-in-the-Maze basket motif shows him inside his mountain stronghold, offering a powerful symbol for the difficult twists and turns that life's path can take.

To the willing observer, the mountain holds all sorts of possibilities of magic, especially when it speaks — and so it does, in great groans of winds that whistle through its many caves. One of them is said to open onto I'itoi's subterranean world, and it is marked by eagle feathers, animal skins, seashells, rattles and children's toys that have been left in homage to him. Other caves contain mysteries of their own, from painted rock art to bits of worked stone that suggest the antiquity of the human presence in this difficult landscape.

Baboquivari offers magic of another sort to rock climbers, who travel from all over the world to attempt its sheer eastern face. That climb up the 7,734-foot-tall spire is one of the most difficult in the entire Southwest, and by far the most difficult of any to be found in Arizona.

Only the most accomplished mountaineers, skilled in rope-work and unafraid of heights, are likely to last the long day that it takes to ascend the 3,000 feet from base to peak. It takes only a sturdy pair of legs and a good pair of shoes, though, to make the steady ascent through stands of oak and walnut trees to attain the 6,380-foot saddle northeast of the peak, which offers sweeping views of the Altar Valley and, in good weather, the folded mountain terrain bordering Tucson and the San Pedro River valley.

[PRECEDING PANEL, PAGES 34 AND 35] Sunset clouds fan like the spokes of a wagon wheel over Baboquivari Peak and a rocky desert tableau of mesquite trees, desert broom and prickly pear cacti. GEORGE STOCKING

[ABOVE] The southern shoulder of Baboquivari Peak commands a view of the Altar Valley and the distant Santa Rita Mountains. PETER NOEBELS

[RIGHT] The massive granite fin of the Baboquivari Mountains rises abruptly above the surrounding desert and extends north in a great metamorphic arc to the Quinlan Mountains, home of Kitt Peak Observatory. PATRICK FISCHER

MOUNT GRAHAM

CALLED Dzil Nchaa Si An, or "big seated mountain," in the Apache language, 10,720-foot-tall Mount Graham rises atop a massive block of gneiss and granite formed nearly one and a half billion years ago, marking, in the words of the geologist Halka Chronic, "a Precambrian version of the Himalayas." The mountain, the highest point of the tall Pinaleno ("pine-clad") range, is monumental indeed, looming up from the surrounding desert floor like a gigantic iceberg — or, better, like an island.

In just that spirit, scientists have come to think of the mountains of the basin-and-range provinces of the Southwest as "sky islands," for they stand in relation to the surrounding desert as an island does to the sea.

In the instance of Mount Graham, it is the heavily forested, stream-laced island that is wet, the sea that is dry; the oasis that the well-watered range affords attracts scores of animal and bird species, some of which make it their permanent home, in time, developing characteristics different from those of their cousins in other habitats.

Here, mountain lions and black bears speak a slightly different dialect, as it were; here, certain plants are slightly distinct from their kin, just as happens to the denizens of true islands, cut off from the rest of the world; and here live 18 plant and animal species that are found nowhere else.

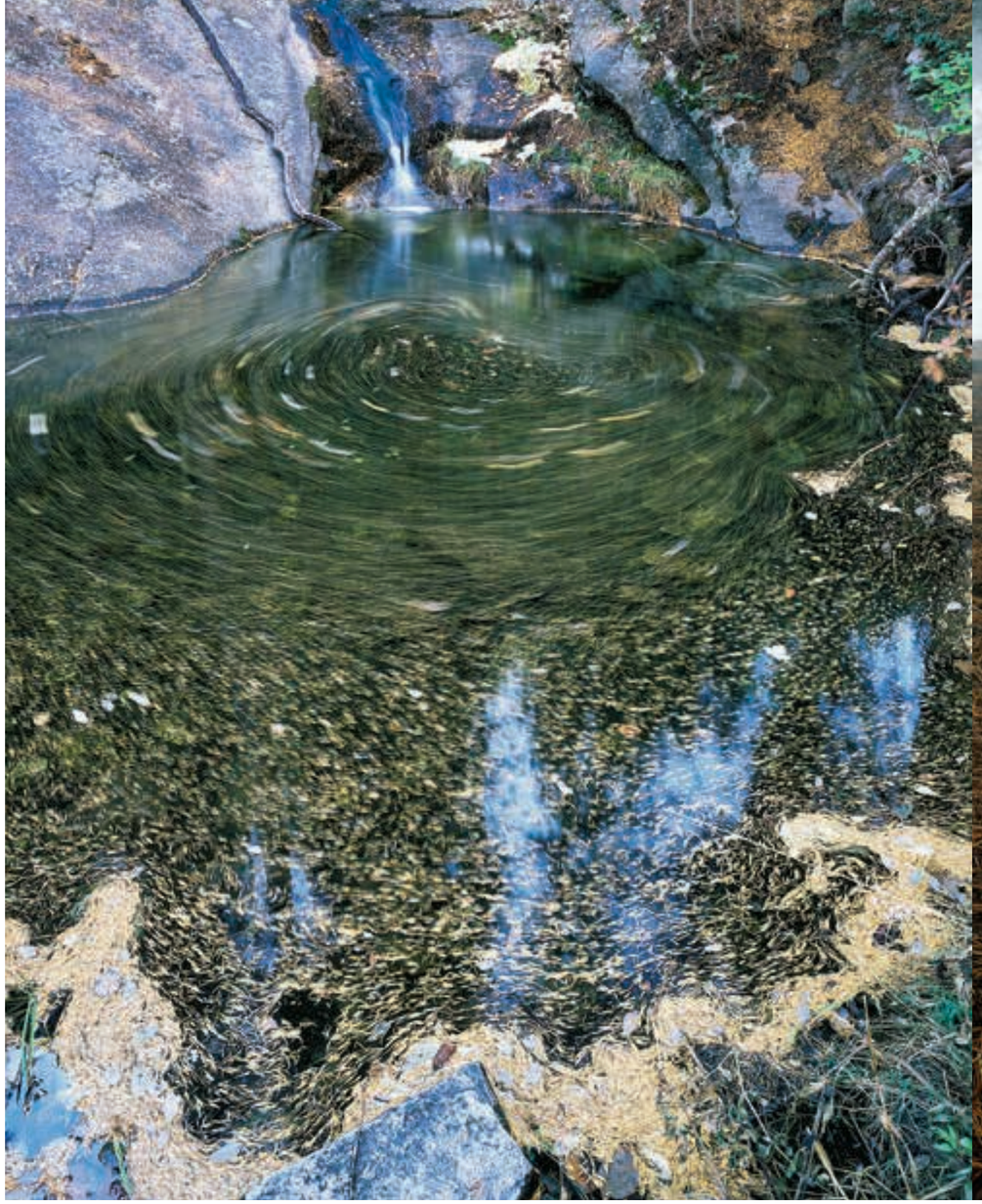
Follow the road up Mount Graham from the desert floor to the alpine reservoir called Riggs Lake, climbing nearly a mile and a half in elevation, and you'll quickly appreciate the immensity and variety — to say nothing of the steepness — of this great sky island.

Where agaves and bristling cacti hug its lower slopes, tall forests of oak trees and evergreens rule its higher peaks; where rattlesnakes warm themselves on rocks at the mountain's base, snow-loving elk browse the steep canyons; and everywhere, in season, bloom wildflowers in many varieties, notably the columbine that lends its name to so many of the mountain's places.

Military names such as Soldier Creek and Hospital Flat also figure prominently on Mount Graham's map, illustrating its importance in the American settlement of Arizona. The mountain's summit, in fact, formerly served as a station for "heliographic" communication, whereby code was transmitted by means of sunlight and mirrors; the Mount Graham station was part of a network stretching as far as Texas, which made use of other Arizona mountains that included Baldy Peak and Aztec Peak.

The mountain still provides a powerful beacon: A forest of telescopes probes the heavens near its windswept summit, signaling our presence to the rest of the universe while seeking the existence of unknown galaxies, even as the mountain itself beckons travelers to escape the heat of the desert below and take shelter among its forests, streams and lakes.

[LEFT] Under a fiery evening sky in this view from Cluff Pond, Mount Graham, at 10,720 feet, is the second highest peak in Arizona. RICHARD WEBB



[ABOVE] Fallen pine needles swirl in a small pool along Mount Graham's Ash Creek. ELIAS BUTLER [RIGHT] A dense carpet of pine tree litter covers the fog-shrouded forest floor along Swift Trail, the road that leads up Mount Graham. JERRY SIEVE

MATTHEWS PEAK

THE NAVAJO TOWN of Chinle, at the mouth of Canyon de Chelly, takes its name from the Navajo words meaning "where the water comes out." Follow that water, the long stream called Chinle Creek, through the deep, whitewalled canyon complex and over the rugged escarpment called the Defiance Uplift, and you'll eventually find one of its sources in the Tunitcha Mountains, whose name means something like "where much water comes from."

That name fits perfectly, for not only do the often-snowclad mountains shed water into abundant creeks feeding into the distant Colorado River and provide two-thirds of the surface water found within the entire Navajo Nation, but 9,512-foot Matthews Peak, the Tunitchas' highest point, is also dotted with natural springs and waterholes — all good reason for the Navajo novelist Irvin Morris to have described the area as "an archipelago of well-watered islands."

Lush with tall grasses and clad in ponderosa pine trees, the Tunitcha range, a rampartlike extension of the north-south oriented Chuska Mountains in extreme northeastern Arizona, is one of the least-visited areas in the state.

A few Navajo families keep small farms and herds of sheep in the rocky hills above Tsaile Creek, a few four-wheel-drive enthusiasts pass by from time to time, but a visitor to the mountains is likely to see no one else for miles around at just about any time of year.

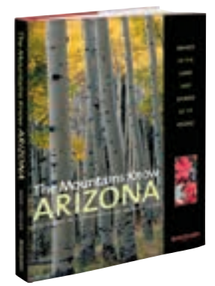
Reached by way of a graded dirt road that threads its way through sandstone towers and red-rock cliffs reminiscent of Sedona, Matthews Peak commands a magnificent view of the eastern Colorado Plateau, taking in the San Francisco Peaks on the far horizon, Black Mesa and Canyon de Chelly to the west and Monument Valley to the northwest.

The view makes its own name appropriate, for Matthews Peak honors the 19th-century anthropologist Washington Matthews, who translated the famed "Navajo Night Chant" into English. "May it be beautiful before me," that song concludes, "may I walk in beauty." That hopeful vision is fulfilled here — abundantly. AH

Gregory McNamee of Tucson is the author of Blue Mountains Far Away: Journeys into the American Wilderness *and editor of* The Mountain World: A Literary Journey, *among other books.*

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION

SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS: Coconino National Forest, Peaks Ranger District, (928) 526-0866; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coconino.
MOUNT BALDY: Apache-Sitgreaves National Forests, Springerville Ranger District, (928) 333-4372; www.fs.fed.us/r3/asnf/welcome.htm.
AZTEC PEAK: Tonto National Forest, Tonto Basin Ranger District, (928) 467-3200; www.fs.fed.us/r3/tonto.
MATTHEWS PEAK: Navajo Nation Parks and Recreation, (928) 871-6647; www.navajonationparks.org.
BABOQUIVARI PEAK: Bureau of Land Management, Tucson Field Office; (520) 722-4289.
MOUNT GRAHAM: Safford Ranger District, (928) 428-4150; www.fs.fed.us/r3/coronado/srd.



Arizona's mountains and all they survey — forests, plateaus, canyons, rivers, deserts and valleys — are lavishly depicted in a new *Arizona Highways* book called *The Mountains Know Arizona*. The renowned team of writer Rose Houk and photographer Michael Collier spent two years and traveled 30,000 miles exploring the outback to bring the project to fruition. To order the hardcover book ($39.95 plus shipping and handling) call toll-free (800) 543-5432. Or use arizonahighways.com.

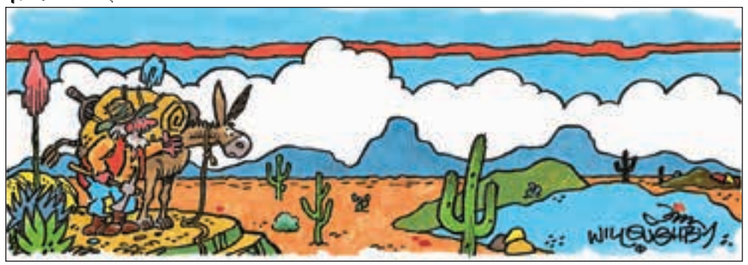
[LEFT] The west-facing basalt cliffs of Matthews Peak bear the Navajo name Tse Binaayoli, which translates as "the place where the wind blows around the rock."
ADRIEL HEISEY

humor

"I asked this horse expert what I could do to get more speed out of my horse, and he said, 'Lose 40 pounds.'" *

WILLOUGHBY'S WEST

by JIM WILLOUGHBY



"It's ours to conquer, Millie!"

Unusual Perspective

By Linda Perret

A tarantula usually won't bite unless seriously provoked. But to scare off predators a tarantula will rub its legs across its abdomen and fling irritating barbed hairs into the air. Great! Just what I want to run across — a big scary spider that throws a hissy fit.

TOMBSTONES

Here are some jokes our readers sent us about tombstones:

Tombstones are very popular these days. Everyone's dying to get one.

He's so snooty his tombstone isn't just engraved, it's monogrammed.

BOTH BY GREGG SIEGEL, Gaithersburg, MD

I know a guy who had such a bad attitude his tombstone read: "What are you looking at?"

My cousin the mime died and, per his instructions, his tombstone didn't say anything.

BOTH BY TOM PADOVANO, Jackson Heights, NY

FARMER'S LAMENT

An old man who barely eked out a living on a little Arizona farm died during an unusually hot, dry summer. Midway through cremating him, the funeral director opened the crematory door to check on the progress, whereupon the farmer sat up and announced, "A couple more days like this and we won't get any crop at all."

PHYLLIS BEVING, Casa Grande

GOOD FOOD

Years ago, my family was new to Arizona, but we quickly became familiar with the region's Mexican cooking, thanks to a Hispanic couple who worked with my mother. Not all newcomers were so fortunate.

One day during the tourist season, my mother met friends for lunch at a Mexican restaurant. They saw a customer eating chips and salsa. He told the waitress, "Miss, this soup you've got here is good, but it sure is hot!"

JENNIFER B. PIERCE, Arlington, VA

EASY DOES IT

One day last year we left home for a two-day trip to Las Vegas with my wife doing the driving. We were only a few minutes from home when I realized my wife was exceeding the speed limit.

"Better ease up on the gas pedal," I said. "We don't want a ticket to spoil our trip."

"I'm not slowing down until we have gone 10 miles," my wife said. "I heard on the evening news last night that 90 percent of all accidents happen within 10 miles of home."

ROBERT ULMER, Sun City West

NO FORWARDING ADDRESS

We were driving down Stockton Hill Road in Kingman when I noticed a postal delivery truck coming out of Mountain View Cemetery. I said, "I didn't know they delivered mail in there." My husband replied, "Dead Letter Office."

MRS. BRUCE WELLS, Kingman

GOD'S COUNTRY

My 5-year-old granddaughter Melissa had been studying Genesis in vacation Bible school, and we were driving across western Arizona, where the flat land seems to go on forever.

Melissa was quiet for a long time, studying the view. Finally she turned to me. "Grandpa," she said, "is this where God sat while He rested?"

MORRIS F. BAUGHMAN, Wickenburg

TO SUBMIT HUMOR

Send your jokes and humorous Arizona anecdotes to Humor, *Arizona Highways*, 2039 W. Lewis Ave., Phoenix, AZ 85009 or e-mail us at editor@arizonahighways.com. We'll pay $50 for each item used. Please include your name, address and telephone number with each submission.

EARLY DAY ARIZONA

"You are charged with larceny. Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, judge," the defendant said. "I thought I was guilty, but I've been talkin' to my lawyer and he's convinced me I ain't."

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE (TUCSON), APRIL 24, 1909

Reader's Corner

Rodeos are unique. It's the only profession where you get in trouble and they send in a clown.

Rodeos are this month's joke topic. Send us your rodeo jokes, and we will pay you $50 for each one we publish.

* From the Witworks® humor book *Sometimes the Bull Wins* by Jim Willoughby. To order, call toll-free (800) 543-5432 or visit arizonahighways.com.

by MARY PRATT / photographs by DAVID H. SMITH

JEROME'S Mining-town Spirit is Underscored by the Colorful History of the JAMES DOUGLAS Family

GROWING FROM CLUSTERS OF CANVAS-WALLED shacks into a prosperous city, then from a ghost town to an artists' colony, the mining town of Jerome still clings tenaciously to the steep grades of Mingus Mountain. Crowding the mountain's folds and rises are brick-and-board buildings dating back to the mining heyday when Jerome, population 20,000, bustled as the commercial center of the Verde Valley.

On a hillside at the edge of town stands the 8,000-square-foot, two-story adobe mansion built in 1916 by James S. Douglas, four years after he opened Jerome's second bonanza mine, the Little Daisy. Today, as Jerome State Historic Park, the mansion houses a museum of photographs, artifacts and a video devoted to Jerome's history, to mining and to the Douglas family.

Known from childhood as "Jimmy," Douglas came from a mining heritage. His father, also named James Douglas, served as president of the Copper Queen Consolidated Mine in Bisbee and of Phelps Dodge Corp. But the younger Douglas made his own way, working up through various Phelps Dodge enterprises for two decades. He became a shrewd businessman in mining and banking, married gentle Josalee Williams of Bisbee and raised two sons.

Through his own venture, the Little Daisy, he became one of the richest men in the state, yet history views Douglas with a jaundiced eye. One contemporary remembered that he "could be the kindest, most considerate and charming of men; then, suddenly, he would change into the most caustic, abrasive individual I have ever known." Others observed that Douglas had a "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" character. His eldest son, Lewis, recalled that he didn't know anyone who had the sheer power of personality that his father had.

[BELOW] The view from the base of Cleopatra Hill sweeps from the James S. Douglas mansion of Jerome State Historic Park across the Verde Valley to Sedona's red rocks and to the San Francisco Peaks in the far distance.

While managing mines in northern Mexico, Douglas acquired the name "Rawhide Jimmy," perhaps because the miners found his unyielding nature as tough as rawhide.

An insistent taskmaster, he imposed profit-making efficiency on marginal mining operations and applied his convictions as law. Once, while inspecting a railroad bed, Douglas found an unused spike beside the track. At the laborers' camp, he raved on the subject of waste and carelessness. When the astute foreman replied, he thanked Douglas for finding the spike, then assured the boss that he'd had three men looking for it for two days.

Douglas insisted from his sons the same hard work and discipline he demanded of his employees. Once, to punish his son Lewis, Douglas took him to a demolished schoolhouse and ordered him to "take out every last nail from every last board." To teach Lewis the meaning of hard work, his father arranged that he work as a mucker for his first position in the mines, a backbreaking laborer's job.

Applying these attitudes in his marriage produced a fragile relationship. Douglas dictated all family decisions, rarely consulting Josalee and chastising her for spoiling his sons. Lewis, as an adult, once refused to see his father until he treated Josalee more kindly.

Despite the harsh side of his nature, employees worked to meet Douglas' demand for excellence. Devoted to him, Josalee wrote in her letters of missing him during the long absences that business required. Lewis and brother Jimmy, younger by five years, developed affection as well as respect for their father.

Douglas served as a delegate to the state's first Constitutional Convention and remained active in state and national politics. In 1904, the *Bisbee Daily Review* described him as a "hustling businessman, easy of approach," and "with a liberal hand for anything that is of benefit to the city, county and country."

Douglas willingly and anonymously shared his good fortune with untold recipients, and he never forgot a friend. In 1947, Douglas received a note from a widow informing him of her husband's death. Douglas recalled that the man had engineered the train from Seligman to Prescott in 1890, had been

[ABOVE] Undermined by miles of tunnels, Jerome is slowly shifting down Cleopatra Hill, earning the slogan "A Town on the Move." [LEFT] Mining equipment, like this ore crusher, is displayed outside the Douglas mansion.

[TOP] The still headframe of the Little Daisy Mine and the silent multistoried Little Daisy Hotel seem quietly resting, just beyond the park grounds. [ABOVE] Viewed from the mansion's veranda, today's Jerome looks much the same as it did when Douglas kept an eye on the bustling mining town.

"a good egg," and sent the widow a check for $500.

For $150,000, Douglas built the Jerome mansion as a comfortable place for visiting mine officials to stay. One visitor remembered Douglas as "a grand host . . . the latch was always out for his friends." In a letter to Lewis, an adult by 1916, Douglas declared the house "a gigantic success."

The family's main residence was in the town of Douglas, but the mansion in Jerome drew them on special occasions. Productive mining of the Little Daisy ended in 1938, though various mining companies used the house until the mine closed in 1953. By then, Jerome's population had dwindled to about 200.

In 1957 the Douglas family approached the newly formed Arizona State Parks Board about making the old mansion into a mining museum. They deeded the grand home, with its panoramic views of Jerome to the south and the Verde Valley to the north, to the state for $10 in 1962, and three years later it opened as a state park.

Built with 80,000 adobe bricks, the mansion retains the original woodwork, concrete flooring and pale interior colors. Photos line the walls, showing the family homes in New York; Nacozari, Mexico; and Douglas, and allowing glimpses into their lives as young Lewis and Jimmy played baseball and shared rides on horseback.

Off the long hallway are rooms that served as kitchen, pantry and servants' quarters and which now display the history of Jerome's people in photos of unnamed miners, shopkeepers, baseball teams, school choirs and the ever-needed firemen.

Upstairs displays feature mining equipment, mineral samples and, most interesting of all, a three-dimensional model depicting the 88 miles of shafts, tunnels and passageways catacombed beneath Jerome.

Jerome State Historic Park opened on October 16, 1965, with the Douglas brothers in attendance. Near the entrance to the mansion, they placed a plaque honoring their heritage from their great-grandfather to their father, whose dichotomy of character proved as extreme as the history of the town, the mountain and the state that encompass the Douglas mansion and the Little Daisy Mine. AH

LOCATION: Approximately 110 miles north of Phoenix.
GETTING THERE: From Phoenix, take Interstate 17 north to Exit 287. Take State Route 260 northwest about 13 miles to its junction with State Route 89A. Turn left, heading up the hill to Jerome. Follow the signs directing visitors to Jerome State Historic Park, on Douglas Road.
HOURS: Daily 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.; closed Christmas.
FEES: $4, adults; $1, children 7-13; free, children under 6.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: (928) 634-5381; Arizona State Parks, www.pr.state.az.us; Jerome Chamber of Commerce, (928) 634-2900.

THINGS TO DO NEAR JEROME

HISTORIC JEROME The town of Jerome became a National Historic Landmark in 1967, recognizing its contribution of copper to the nation. A walking tour and driving tour are published in a booklet giving detailed information about the buildings that have survived the town's varied history. "Jerome Tourguide" is available at the state park.

SHOPS AND GALLERIES Today's Jerome, population about 450, has revived as a tourist magnet, with gift shops of every kind, plus art galleries, a mining museum and great places to eat. Many of Jerome's attractions are housed in restored historic buildings.

RIDE THE RIDE Established to serve the mines, the Verde Canyon Railroad now thrills visitors on four-hour round-trip tours along the Verde River into a red-walled canyon with spectacular scenery. Clarkdale, (800) 320-0718, www.verdecanyonrr.com.

TUZIGOOT NATIONAL MONUMENT Tuzigoot National Monument is the remnant of a Sinagua Indian village built between A.D. 1125 and 1400. The visitors center gives glimpses into everyday life of the village where the people ground corn for bread, wove cloth from the cotton they grew or shaped and fired pottery. North of Clarkdale on State Route 279, (928) 634-5564.

FORT VERDE STATE HISTORIC PARK The present post, completed in 1873, became the staging area for all military action in the area during Territorial days. Walk down Officers' Row and visit the quarters of the commanding officer, the bachelor officers and the post surgeon. Camp Verde, (928) 567-3275.

[ABOVE] Fort Verde, now a state historic park, was an essential command post during Territorial days. RICHARD MAACK

by BILL NORMAN / photograph by DAN COOGAN

Meet Tombstone Inventor ERNIE ESCAPULE, a Master of USEFUL CONTRAPTIONS

[ABOVE] Ernie Escapule shows off an aluminum can flattener, one of his many practical creations built from throwaway parts.

OUT IN THE DESERT A FEW MILES WEST OF Tombstone, 80-year-old Ernie Escapule leans back in a well-used recliner in front of his mobile home and lets his brilliant blue eyes poke a hole into the past. Memories of his unusual inventions inevitably nudge themselves into the conversation.

"Ya know," Escapule says, "years ago when John Wayne was making a movie here, people in Tombstone asked me to make a gold and silver horsehead dispenser for a very expensive Scotch whisky decanter. They wanted to thank the Duke for all the business he brought to town.

"Most metallurgists will tell you you can't cast mixtures of multiple metals because they have different melting temperatures. But it can be done, and I did it. Never got to meet The Duke, though."

Escapule is in top form, and I'm proud to be his audience. I hadn't heard from him in a while, and then I got a phone call: "Bill, this is your old friend Ernie. I've been up in the Harquahala Mountains on a D-8 makin' a road."

A D-8? One of the biggest bulldozers in the world? This guy will be rompin' till he's a hundred, I tell myself.

I shouldn't have been surprised. Escapule has been a mining and metals-recovery consultant in many tough outback spots on the globe, and along the way he discovered that improvising often was the only way to get things done.

Those attributes might seem inevitable, given his family history. His father, who was born in 1896 near Escapule's present-day residence, continued the tradition of small-scale gold and silver mining that his grandfather had begun near the site in 1890.

Escapule's parents worked literally a mom-and-pop operation in the late 1960s, when by themselves they mined a rich vein of silver at the Red Top Mine — also within 100 yards of Escapule's present home.

By the 1960s, Escapule was a world traveler. He worked nearly a year in East Malaysia fine-tuning the gold-recovery systems of a company located well back in the jungle.

Bilingual in English and Spanish, Escapule found more than a language challenge at the U.S.-Mexico border when he was hired to assay a potentially rich copper deposit in Sonora. Customs officials wouldn't permit him to bring some of his equipment — specifically a large arc welder that they felt he might attempt to sell — across the line.

Escapule says he sighed and decided to build his own after entering Mexico. Again, necessity birthed another of his inventions. Today, one of the machine's cousins reposes at Escapule's homesite. He calls it a "salt brine arc welder," and it consists simply of a 55-gallon drum filled with salt water; a yard-long copper rod extending down into the center of the drum; a 110-volt power supply; assorted lengths of electrical wiring; and a standard arc welder's clamps and welding rods.

These days, Escapule and his bride of five years, Charlotte, live on 4 acres of land on which snakelike mounds of rusting steel implements mingle with greasy engines, chain-driven conveyor systems, tires, wooden sheds and the glint of cracked, green-hued windshields.

Today, Escapule decides to demonstrate his aluminum can flattener. A decidedly homemade-looking device, it's constructed of a wheelbarrow tub, a vertically halved 30-gallon lubricant drum, two automobile tires on dented rims, a Briggs & Stratton two-cycle gasoline engine and the front fender off a 1946 Harley-Davidson motorcycle. And it works.

With a quick tug on the engine's starter rope, the thing comes to life, popping and sputtering. Immediately, the two tires begin spinning against each other. Above them, several hundred clanking soft-drink and beer cans start to cascade down one and two at a time from their piled-up storage into the tub and drum.

Thwump-thwump-thwump. Descending cans meet the junction of spinning tires and get squashed. Gravity drops them into a chute crafted from the Harley fender and into another waiting tub. They're ready to be recycled.

Although he still works part time in the hydrology department of a large resort development company, Escapule dreams of building a museum . . . "a precious metals recovery museum that would demonstrate the equipment and processes we can use to refine ore, once it's out of the ground, and make it into precision components and fine jewelry."

One thing is certain: Place Ernie Escapule among old pieces of metal and oddball machinery, and he's apt to concoct some unlikely contraption that performs surprisingly useful work. And from the gleam in his eye, that's as much fun as it is challenging. AH

by SAM NEGRI / photographs by MOREY K. MILBRADT

Don't Get 'Stuck' or 'Tired Out' on Your Visit to NORTH TIMP POINT at the GRAND CANYON

EVERY SO OFTEN, I ENCOUNTER SOMEONE who believes we are all here for a purpose. Frankly, I've never believed it. However, toward the end of my excursion to North Timp Point, an isolated and exhilarating spot on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, I had a change of heart. I suddenly had the impression of being inside a frame in a cartoon strip, with a "lightbulb" in the little bubble over my head, signifying the arrival of a new idea. I realized that I am indeed here for a purpose: *I am here to keep tire shops in business*.

[ABOVE] On the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, North Timp Point provides spectacular canyon vistas.
[OPPOSITE PAGE] Slanting late-afternoon sunlight sharply defines jagged rocky outcroppings on the southern face of Locust Point across Timp Canyon from North Timp Point.

How else can I explain it? When a rear tire suddenly exploded on my truck, I was 27 miles south of Jacob Lake and about the same distance from Timp Point. There is no shoulder on that road (State Route 67), nor is there any cell phone service. The deer and elk far outnumber human beings.

I looked at the spare tire, which seemed about the size of Ecuador, and I scratched my head. *I must surely exist to keep the tire business alive*, I reminded myself again. How else to explain that not only have I regularly destroyed tires in all of my old trucks (destroyed two on this same trip two years earlier, in fact), but now I have destroyed a tire on a new vehicle, the fanciest truck I've ever owned, and there are only 4,000 miles on the odometer?

People stopped and asked if I were stuck. Yes, indeed, I said, but was it not a magnificent spot in which to cool one's heels? I stood at the edge of a fresh green meadow on the Kaibab Plateau, roughly 50 miles south of the Arizona-Utah border. I could see light rain at the scalloped fringe of the huge clouds in the distance. In the soft breeze I could detect a hint of the fragrance of wet bark. *Well, you've been stuck in a lot worse places*, I thought. Yes, but never with a brand-new truck.

Just now you may be thinking you'll never head out to this place called North Timp Point because the road must be paved with tire-eating piranhas. That would be wrong thinking. There are only so many people who have been placed on Earth to keep tire shops in business, and you're probably not one of them. Besides, about half of the 43-mile one-way drive to North Timp Point is paved and the second half is an excellent graded dirt road. Unless there's been a wicked storm, the entire road can be covered in an ordinary sedan.

To begin, find your way to Jacob Lake, about 165 miles north of Flagstaff. Jacob Lake is not really a lake but a small limestone sinkhole surrounded by ponderosa pine trees. You'll find accommodations, gas and the Kaibab Plateau Visitor Center at Jacob Lake. State 67, the road adjacent to the visitors center, extends south along the spine of the Kaibab Plateau to the North Rim of Grand Canyon National Park. The trip to Timp and North Timp Points begins on 67, but you'll turn off the pavement before reaching the entrance to the national park. Doing so enables you to see the Canyon from an isolated spot in the Kaibab National Forest. All by your lonesome.

As you begin this drive, keep in mind that there are no accurate road maps of the Kaibab Plateau. Follow this route, or stop at the

visitors center for more information. Head south on 67 for 26.5 miles. The road bisects broad green meadows where you're likely to see deer, elk, wild turkeys, hawks, turkey vultures and the unusual looking tassel-eared Kaibab squirrel, which has a fluffy white tail with a gray stripe down its middle.

At 26.5 miles, an unpaved road, Forest Service Road 22, appears on the right. On most maps, this route is identified as 422, but the route is currently signed as 22. Turn right and head northwest. About 2 miles after you make that turn onto the graded road, you'll find yourself in a place where all the slender aspens are little more than saplings. All of the taller trees are rotting in the hills that drop off to the east. A sign in the field to the left explains that this is a rare "timber blowdown" site. In 1953, tornado-strength winds cut a flat swath across the plateau, although the winds didn't spiral. All the trees fell in one direction.

When you're 10 miles off 67, turn left from FR 22 onto Forest Service Road 206 and drive 5 miles to the cutoff on your right for Forest Service Road 271.

For the next 10 miles, the narrow road meanders through a magnificent forest of aspens, pines and pink clusters of New Mexican locust trees. If you drive straight on FR 271, the road ends at Timp Point. But, 6.7 miles in on 271, you can also take the right fork onto 271A, which will lead to North Timp Point.

Timp and North Timp Points also are connected by the Rainbow Rim Trail. The 3 miles of trail that connect the points zigzag through the forest at 7,600 feet elevation and lead (both at Timp and North Timp) to clearings where you can sit on a rocky outcropping amid twisted junipers and watch the buttes and domes in the Canyon change colors all day long. On the hills near the trail, you'll also find colorful wildflowers — yellow Mariposa lilies, light-blue penstemons and bright-red Indian paintbrushes. Look into the distance and see views of Tapeats Amphitheater and Steamboat Mountain, among other dramatic landmarks in Grand Canyon.

If you're going to camp in this area, as I did, there are scenic pullouts between the old-growth trees at Timp Point. This is primitive camping — no water, rest rooms or tables.

Because of the absence of light pollution, at night you will see the most glittering star-filled sky imaginable.

It takes a little work — not to mention four good tires — to get to these isolated spots on the North Rim, but once there you'll get to experience the Grand Canyon as few others see it. AH

[FAR LEFT] Timp Point and Fire Point (left) and Steamboat Mountain (right) frame Grand Canyon views of Powell Plateau and Granite Gorge. [LEFT] Arizona is home to at least a dozen varieties of Indian paintbrush, a semiparasite that partially derives moisture and nutrients from other plants.

travel tips

WARNING: Back road travel can be hazardous if you are not prepared for the unexpected. Whether traveling in the desert or in the high country, be aware of weather and road conditions. Make sure you and your vehicle are in top shape and you have plenty of water. Don't travel alone, and let someone at home know where you're going and when you plan to return. Odometer readings in the story may vary by vehicle.

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Kaibab National Forest, North Rim Ranger District, (928) 643-7395; Kaibab Plateau Visitor Center, (928) 643-7298.

Festivals, powwows and get-togethers / by CARRIE M. MINER

RICHARD MAACK

Learn the Secrets of *Arizona Highways* Photographs

photo workshop

This September, join *Arizona Highways* Director of Photography Peter Ensenberger and Photography Editor Richard Maack for a classroom session on photography. Using images they've taken throughout their careers, Ensenberger and Maack will teach participants how to maximize photographic potential regardless of their experience or type of camera.

The morning begins with a discussion of quality of light, proper exposures and filtration to overcome difficult lighting situations. In the afternoon, Maack and Ensenberger show how to compose shots for maximum impact and how to tell a story photographically. Also covered are equipment tips that can improve anyone's photos.

The workshop is designed for beginners through experts.

For more information or a free workshop brochure, contact **Friends of *Arizona Highways*** at (602) 712-2004, toll-free at (888) 790-7042 or visit its Web site at www.friendsofazhighways.com.

Other Photography Workshops

October 30-November 3
"Day of the Dead"
November 1-5
"Fall in the Sky Islands"
November 4-12
"Copper Canyon"
November 9-12
"Flora & Fauna of San Diego"

Poetic Cowboys

August 14-16; Prescott

I used to make money runnin' wild cattle
In them good old days 'fore the business went wrong,
When a hot runnin' iron and a good long reata
Was all that you needed to start you along.

Gail I. Gardner, one of the best-known cowboy poets, wrote these lines in 1917 and recited them at the first Arizona Cowboy Poets Gathering in 1988, just a few months before his death. Nowadays, cowboys of the same sentiment have turned to the "herdin' of words" and will share their original poetry as Sharlot Hall Museum hosts the **16th Annual Arizona Cowboy Poets Gathering** in Prescott, Gardner's hometown. Nine venues around the museum buildings and park will resound with original poetry readings, old-time cowboy yodeling and foot-tapping Western music. Information: (928) 445-3122.

Best Small Rodeo

August 15-17; Payson

In 1884, when this mountain town was still known as Union Park, citizens gathered to watch ranchers compete in riding and roping events during the summer before the fall roundup. The gathering has grown over the years and is now recognized as the country's Best Small Rodeo by the Professional Rodeo Cowboy's Association.

Although the rodeo activities are no longer held on Main Street, you can still enjoy the **119th Annual World's Oldest Continuous Rodeo** at the rodeo grounds—complete with bull riding, barrel racing and calf roping. Information: (928) 474-4515 or (800) 672-9766.

Batty for Bats

August 6-10; Bisbee

Unlike many North American bat species, the lesser long-nosed bat feeds almost exclusively on the fruit and nectar of several desert plants—most notably the saguaro and organ pipe cacti and agaves. This preference for desert blooms gives the lesser long-nosed bat an important role as a crucial pollinator in the fragile Sonoran Desert ecosystem.

MUSEUM OF NORTHERN ARIZONA/TONY MARINELLA

The Nawetsa Dancers from the Edaakie family will perform at the Zuni Marketplace in Flagstaff.

Join a search for the nocturnal pollinator at the **Southwest Wings Birding Festival**. Other activities include educational displays, field trips and lectures. Information: (520) 378-0233 or (800) 946-4777.

Hearts of Stone

August 30-31; Flagstaff

The Zuni Indians, one of the Southwest's largest Pueblo tribes, create ceremonial charms that when blessed have the status of a religious fetish. The Zuni believe that long ago, after the great flood, predators attacked the Zuni, so the twin gods shrank the beasts, trapping their spirits in rocks and commanding beasts to help humans in the form of fetish carvings.

Discover the charm of Zuni fetishes at the **17th Annual Zuni Marketplace** held at the Museum of Northern Arizona. The event also features Zuni art, a native-plants nature trail, social dance performances and children's activities. Information: (928) 774-5213.

Other Events

Gary Ladd Photo Exhibit; June 20-September 28; Grand Canyon South Rim Village Historic District; (928) 638-2771. At Kolb Studio, images from *Grand Canyon: Time Below the Rim*, published by Arizona Highways Books, and other work by Gary Ladd.

"A View from the Mountains" Photo Exhibit; June 28-September 7; Wickenburg; (928) 684-2272. Michael Collier's photography from *The Mountains Know Arizona: Images of the Land and Stories of Its People* published by Arizona Highways Books.

Vigilante Days; August 8-10; Tombstone; (520) 457-3197. Shoot-outs, live entertainment, an 1880s fashion show and a chili cook-off.

White Mountain Bluegrass Music Festival; August 9-10; Pinetop-Lakeside; (928) 367-4290 or (800) 573-4031. Band performances, jam sessions and family entertainment.

Summer Fine Arts & Crafts Festival; August 9-10; Prescott; (928) 445-2510. Arts and crafts booths, craft demonstrations and fair food.

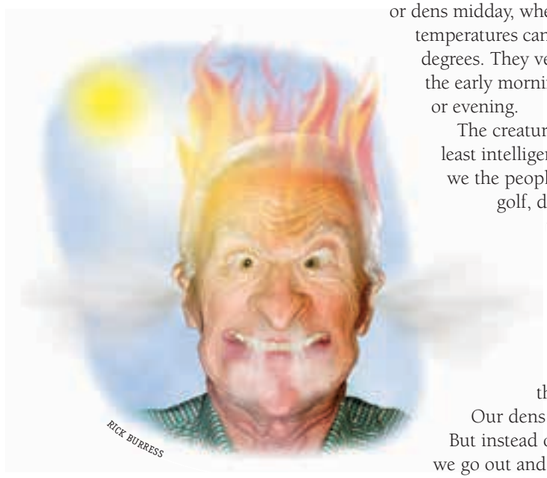
Native American Arts Auction; August 23; Ganado; (928) 755-3475. Baskets, rugs, kachinas, pottery and jewelry at Hubbell Trading Post National Historic Site.

Apple Harvest Festival; August 30-September 1; Willcox; (520) 384-2084. Apple "u-pick," pancake breakfast and hayrides at Apple Annie's Orchard.

Note: *Dates and activities could change. Before planning to attend events, phone for fees and to confirm dates and times.*

For an expanded list of major events in Arizona, visit our Web site at arizonahighways.com.

My TEMPERATURE is Okay, Thank You, but Your Question Has Got Me HOTTTT



RICK BURRESS

ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF ARIZONA, including large metropolitan areas and most of the population, lies in desert country. Deserts are hot. Temperatures *average* in the 90s in the summertime. The highest reading ever recorded in Arizona was in Lake Havasu City along the Colorado River. In June 1994, the mercury there registered 128 degrees. That's hot. However, even on a normal summer day in the low desert, readings over 100 are not unusual.

The desert animals know how to handle the extreme heat. They retreat to their burrows or dens midday, when outside ground temperatures can go as high as 150 degrees. They venture forth only in the early morning, late afternoon or evening.

The creatures who handle the heat least intelligently are you and I—we the people. We often play our golf, do our gardening, take our hikes, ride our bikes and run our errands when the sun is at its apex. We're luckier than the kangaroo rats, the jackrabbits, the lizards and snakes. Our dens are air-conditioned. But instead of staying in them, we go out and curse the heat.

I know that because I run across other people when I'm out gallivanting in oppressive temperatures. That's okay, because it's a free country. You can go out of the house when you want and I can go out of the house when I want.

The heat doesn't bother me that much. What does bother me are the people I meet when I'm out in the heat who say, "Is it hot enough for you?"

What a dumb question. That's like going up to someone who's just been stung by a scorpion and asking jauntily, "Hey, does that hurt enough for you?" Of course, it hurts. It's like greeting other people as you step onto an elevator and saying, "Hey, is that music square enough for you?" It's like walking up to Vincent van Gogh and saying, "Hey, how's that ear coming along?"

When you see me trudging along the street, sweating profusely, a dazed faraway look in my eyes, and my tongue hanging down past my chin, you may assume that it's hot enough for me.

No need to ask.

Maybe I'm using the mind-over-matter technique. To keep cool, I'm thinking of a breezy, pleasant spot. Maybe I'm picturing myself floating on a raft in the middle of a cool lake enjoying the chilly air blowing over my exposed skin. I'm thinking *chilly, nippy, brisk, frosty*. My imagination is convincing my body that it's an almost wintry day. Then you come along and ask, "Hot enough for you?" *Pow . . . phfffft*. You've punctured a hole in my raft and dropped me into a lake of molten lava. I'm hot again and all because of your dumb question.

Besides, who cares if it's hot enough for me or not? What does my input matter to you? Don't you know whether you're hot or not? Do you need me to tell you that it is indeed hot enough? Can't you feel the sweat dribbling down the middle of your back? Can't you feel the sidewalk burning through the soles of your shoes? Leave me out of the equation. This is between you and the sun.

And how should I answer your inane query, "Is it hot enough for you?" I feel like saying, "No, baby. I wallow in heat. I dig this sultry climate, man. Hot enough for me? No way. I'm going for the record, pal. I think if we all dig in and pull together, we can beat that high mark held by Lake Havasu City."

Then I raise both arms with fists closed like Sylvester Stallone when he reached the top of the art museum steps in *Rocky*, and I shout out, "129 degrees or bust . . . 129 degrees or bust . . . 129 degrees or bust." I trot off still chanting that mantra, leaving the poor simpleton who asked the question shaking his head and muttering, "The heat must have gotten to that young man."

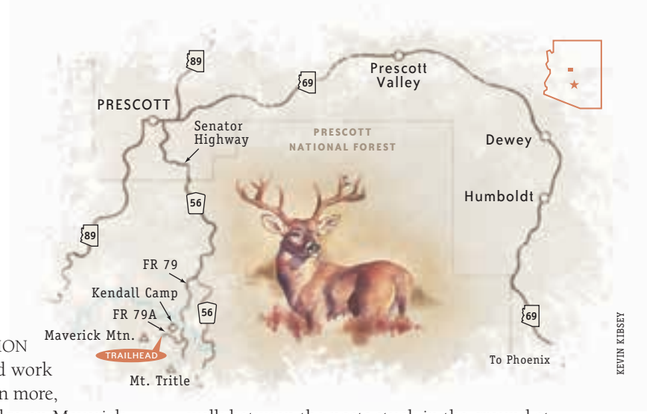
No, the heat didn't get to me. Your dumb question did.

My best strategy, though, is not to answer the questioner at all. Instead, I'll just overpower and kidnap any neighbors asking, "Is it hot enough for you?" I'll dump them into one of those hot air balloons that you often see in the skies over Arizona. I'll transport them southward, riding air currents until we reach Antarctica. Then I'll dip down to a reasonable level, toss them out of the balloon's basket and abandon them on a patch of ice with a flock of contented penguins. Then I'll float upward again, shouting to them as I ride away, "Hey . . . cold enough for you?" AH

In the book *Marriage is Forever, Some Days Longer*, author Gene Perret notes, "Some day I hope to be as successful as all those guys you tell me you could have married." To order this book ($6.95 plus shipping and handling) or other Perret humor books call toll-free (800) 543-5432. From Phoenix or from outside the U.S., call (602) 712-2000. Or use arizonahighways.com.

hike of the month

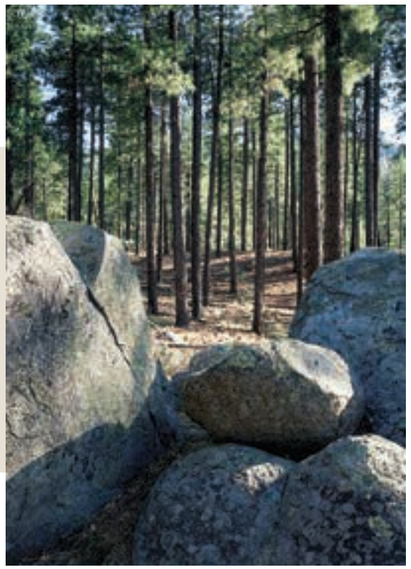
by LEO W. BANKS / photographs by JERRY SIEVE



KEVIN KIBSEY

A Rocky, Steep Trail Up MAVERICK MOUNTAIN South of Prescott Offers DAZZLING VIEWS

IF YOU EMBRACE THE NOTION that work soothes and hard work in the outdoors soothes even more, consider the hike to the ridge on Maverick Mountain in the Prescott National Forest. If you find yourself cursing on the steep ascent and feel convinced the ridge keeps moving back with each step, that only makes reaching the peak more worthwhile. The views can dazzle, depending on the weather and available light.



[RIGHT] Fungi and algae in a symbiotic relationship make up hundreds of species of lichen, some of which grow on boulders along Trail 65 south of Prescott.
[OPPOSITE PAGE] Visible to the north beyond Maverick Mountain's ponderosa pine trees, Thumb Butte and Granite Mountain form part of the distant horizon.

LOCATION: Approximately 9.9 miles south of Prescott.
GETTING THERE: The Senator Highway, also marked County Road 56, begins at the top of Mount Vernon Street, on the east end of downtown Prescott. Drive south on the Senator Highway to a sign pointing left toward Crown King. Turn left. Follow the road to a right fork and a sign pointing toward the Whispering Pines Camp. From there, continue .3 of a mile and turn right onto Forest Service Road 79. Drive 1.1 miles to a bridge across the Hassayampa River and another .4 of a mile to FR 79A. Park roadside and begin the hike by walking up the hill along 79A to Trail 65. The total distance from the top of Mount Vernon Street to where you park and walk is 9.9 miles.
ADDITIONAL INFORMATION: Prescott National Forest, Prescott Ranger District, (928) 443-8000.

After parking near the intersection of Forest Service roads 79 and 79A, the first place of interest for hikers is at Kendall Camp, a 15-minute walk from that intersection. In the days when men with picks and dreams roamed these mountains, prospectors processed gold ore at this place. Today the site holds an apple orchard surrounded by a rail fence.

"You always hear old-timers in town talk about coming here to pick apples," said Don Johnston, a retired teacher and Prescott resident.

Continue walking on 79A a short distance to its meeting with Trail 65. To stay on the trail, walk between the posts stuck in the ground at intersections, and watch the trees for arrow signs labeled "65."

Rocks on the trail make the going rough and necessitate keeping your eyes down to avoid a sprained ankle. Even so, don't miss the remains of an old miner's cabin, three logs high, about 20 feet to the right of the trail. Whoever lived there survived on canned food and left the cans to rust in the grass. Judging by the twisted metal in the corner of the foundation, he or she also used a cook stove.

Farther on, just past the trail's lone maple tree, a mineshaft yawns on the left. A flashlight would help to inspect the interior, but the contents of the dark hole, big enough to accommodate a person on hands and knees, should be left to the imagination. For safety's sake, do not enter any mine shaft.

The trail angle steepens toward the peak and, depending on your conditioning, might require rest stops. Even a cool day feels like summer as you struggle uphill.

The hike of less than 2 miles takes about 90 minutes and deposits you 700 feet higher than the starting point.

But the ridge, at 7,443 feet, affords tremendous views, especially to the south, where the lower mist-shrouded Bradshaw Mountains layer back in green, black and fog-white all the way to Crown King.

Carry a light jacket because at that elevation, cool temperatures are not unusual. "We're lucky the wind isn't blowing today, or it'd knock us right off this ridge," Johnston said.

After lunch and a rest, some hikers head east along the ridge to the peak of Mount Tritle, more than 300 feet higher, another uphill struggle. But there the view opens considerably, providing a striking panorama.

The rocky, ankle-testing march down from the ridge requires extra caution in watching the trail. This makes it tougher to see deer and other wildlife, but rest assured, they're watching you. After all, it's their job, and they work hard at it. If you make it to the bottom, you've worked hard at your job, too. AH

Before you go on this hike, visit our Web site at arizonahighways.com for other things to do and places to see in the area.